

We all heard it at the same time that day, gathered around some relic of the past that defied the ruin surrounding. Out of the droning, echoing, desolate static... An intentional, resonating call out from the prosperous past to the future bleak world. It has a purpose. It HAS to have a purpose. Why now? Why us? Why... at all? It would have been easier to not exist. It exists; there's a reason. We must know.

The relic in hand, it guides us towards the source in the vaguest sense. We look for it, because it is the only thing worth discovering anymore. In this darkness, it has become the single, prominent beacon we have. We must sacrifice and fight to find it. We must get there. This is different. And different is far more than we have had in long memory.

We must move forward. We must struggle. We must sacrifice. We must reach it. We must know. This is all we have now and whatever happens we shall treasure it. We have tried to find similar before and failed. There is nothing else in the world for us, except this. We must find the source of **The Signal**.